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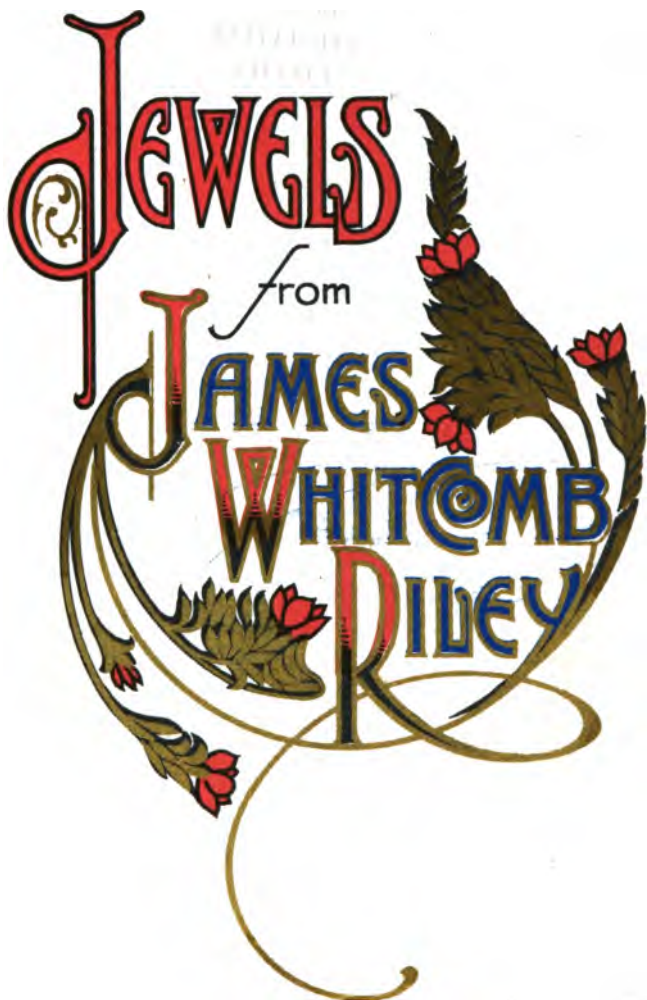
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MY doctern is to lay aside
 Contensions, and be satisfied :
 Jest do your best, and praise er blame
 That follers that, counts jest the same.
My Philosophy.

Then God smiled and it was morning.
Leonainie.

As it's give' me to perceive,
 I most certin'y believe
 When a man's jist glad plum through,
 God's pleased with him, same as
 you.
Neghborly Poems.

Allus a-reachin' out, Jim was, and
 a-he'pin' some
 Pore feller onto his feet —
 He'd a-never a-keered how hungry
 he was *hisse'f* .
 So's *the feller* got somepin' to eat!
Jim.





"HE is my friend," I said,—
"Be patient!" Overhead
The skies were drear and dim;
And lo! the thought of him
Smiled on my heart—and then
The sun shone out again!


My Friend.

We are not always glad when we
smile,—

For the heart, in a tempest of pain,
May live' in the guise
Of a smile in the eyes
As a rainbow may live in the rain;
And the stormiest night of our woe
May hang out a radiant star
Whose light in the sky
Of despair is a lie
As black as the thunder-clouds are.

Spirk and Wunk Rhymes.





○ LOVE is like an untamed steed !
So hot of heart
and wild of speed,
And with fierce freedom so in love,
The desert is not vast enough,
With all its leagues of glimmering
sands,
To pasture it !

Bedouin.

The fairest scenes we ever see
Are mirages of memory ;
The sweetest thoughts we ever know
We plagiarize from Long-ago.

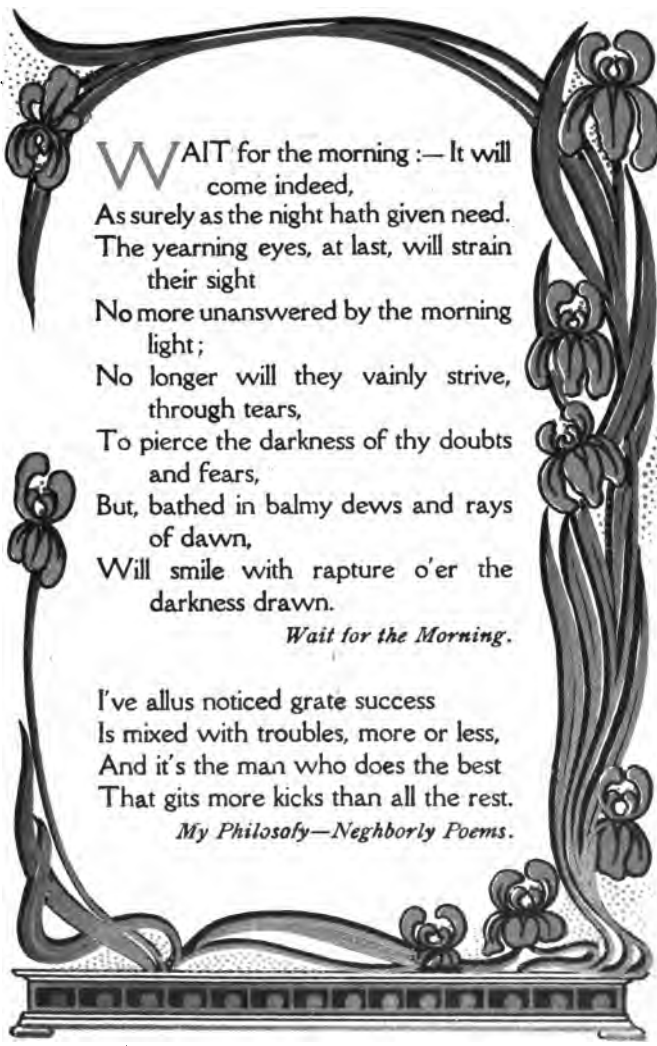
Orlie Wilde.

"Whatever the weather may be,"
says he —

"Whatever the weather may be,
It's the songs ye sing, an' the smiles
ye wear,

That's a-makin' the sun shine every-
where."

Says He.




WAIT for the morning :— It will
come indeed,
As surely as the night hath given need.
The yearning eyes, at last, will strain
their sight
No more unanswered by the morning
light;
No longer will they vainly strive,
through tears,
To pierce the darkness of thy doubts
and fears,
But, bathed in balmy dews and rays
of dawn,
Will smile with rapture o'er the
darkness drawn.

Wait for the Morning.

I've allus noticed grate success
Is mixed with troubles, more or less,
And it's the man who does the best
That gits more kicks than all the rest.

My Philosophy—Neighborly Poems.





THERE is ever a song some-
where, my dear,—

There is ever a something sings
always.

There's the song of the lark when
the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when
the skies are gray.

There is Ever a Song Somewhere.

O the days gone by! O the days
gone by!

The music of the laughing lip, the
lustre of the eye

The childish faith in fairies and
Alladdin's magic ring—

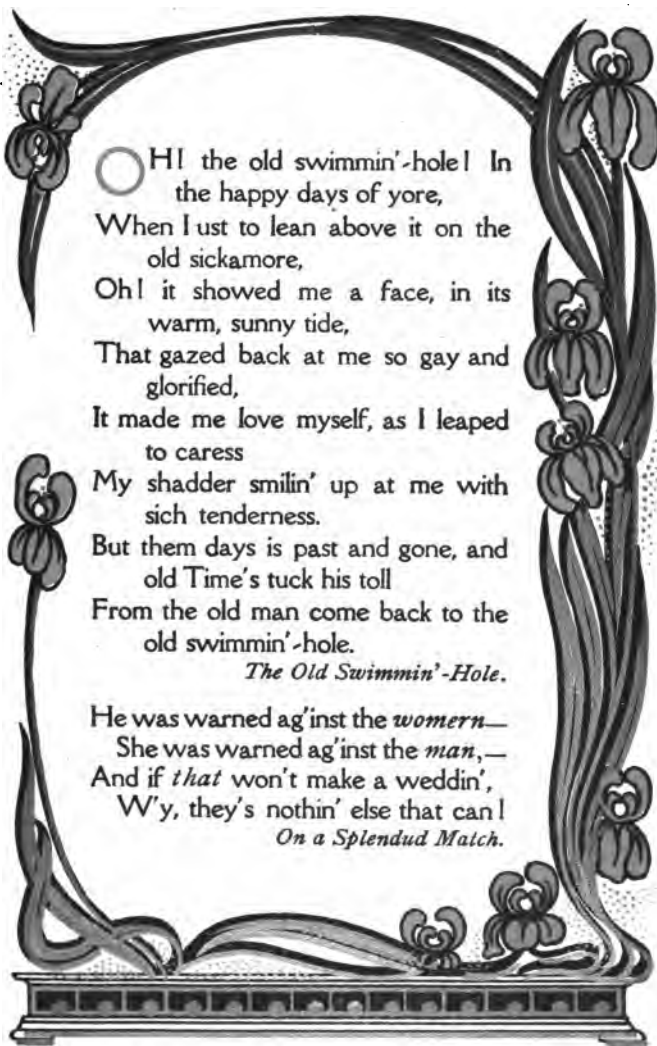
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief
in everything.—

When life was like a story, holding
neither sob nor sigh,

In the golden, olden glory of the days
gone by.

The Days Gone By.






○ HI the old swimmin'-hole! In
the happy days of yore,
When I ust to lean above it on the
old sickamore,
Oh! it showed me a face, in its
warm, sunny tide,
That gazed back at me so gay and
glorified,
It made me love myself, as I leaped
to caress
My shadder smilin' up at me with
sich tenderness.
But them days is past and gone, and
old Time's tuck his toll
From the old man come back to the
old swimmin'-hole.

The Old Swimmin'-Hole.

He was warn'd ag'inst the *womern*—
She was warn'd ag'inst the *man*,—
And if *that* won't make a weddin',
W'y, they's nothin' else that can!
On a Splendud Match.



○ THE rain and the sun, and the
sun and the rain !

When the tempest is done, then the
sunshine again ;

And in rapture we'll ride through the
stormiest gales,

For God's hand's on the helm and
His breath in the sails.

Then murmur no more,

In lull or in roar,

But smile and be brave till the voyage
is o'er.

A Song of the Cruise.

For, we know, not every morrow
Can be sad ;

So, forgetting all the sorrow

We have had,

Let us fold away our fears,


And put by our foolish tears,

And through all the coming years

Just be glad.

Kissing the Rod.





WHO'S got the lovin' eye, and
heart and brain

To recko'nize 'at nothin's made in
vain —

'At the Good Bein' made the bees
and birds

And brutes first choice, and us-folks
afterwards!

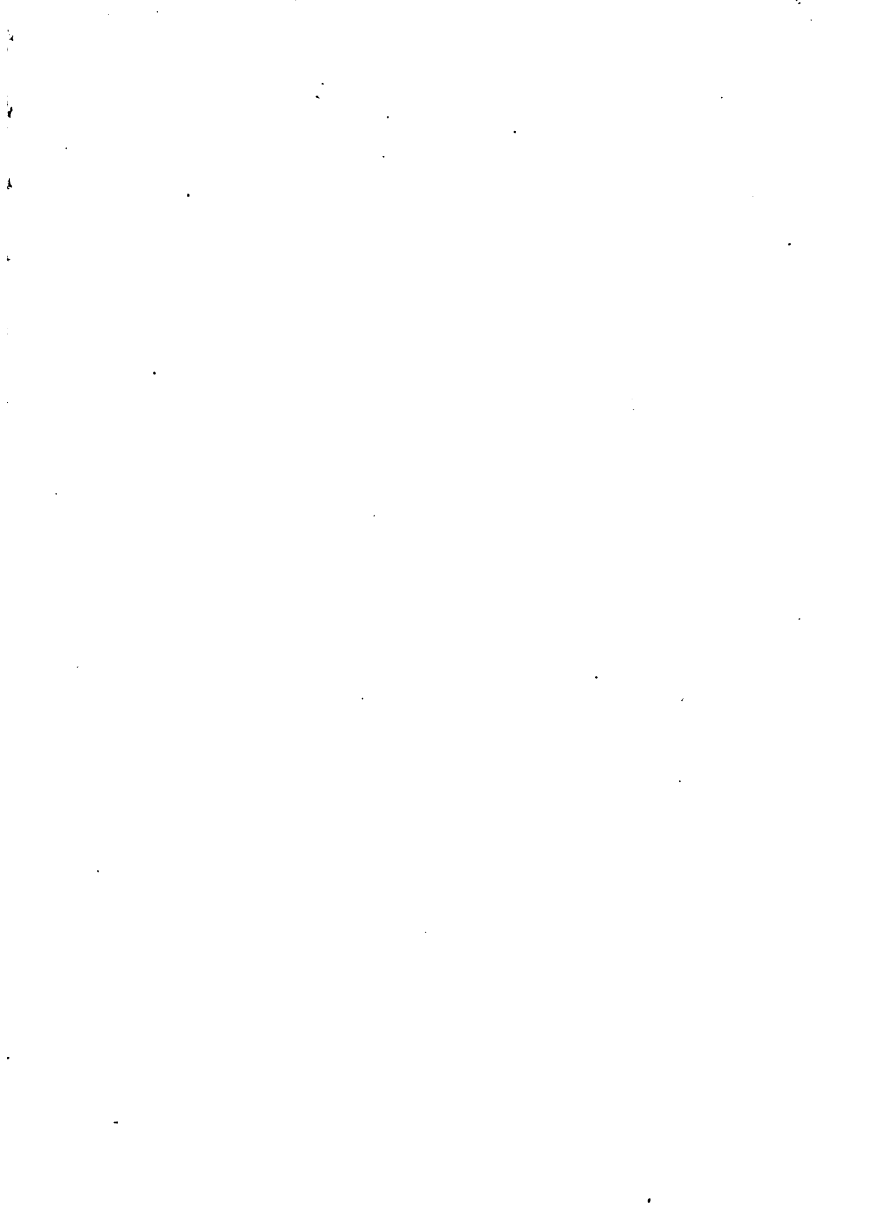
Poem—Poems Here at Home.

Now *Love's* as cunnin' a little thing
As a hummin' -bird upon the wing,
And as liable to poke his nose
Jest where folks would least suppose.

Squire Hawkins's Story.

My mother she's so good to me,
Ef I was good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good — no, *sir* ! —
Can't *any* boy be good as her!

A Boy's Mother.





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